

The Evening World

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FIRST ORDER—THEN ARBITRATION.

"Our men will not riot or create disorder," said William L. Jencks, president of one of the Manhattan labor unions, to The Evening World, "but hoodlums, criminals and thugs of the worst sort will flock to the city," and his prediction of lawlessness and disorder is already justified.

It is the duty of the police to deal with these "hoodlums, criminals and thugs" as they deal with the same class in the Brooklyn strike—to smite them swift and hard! Whatever its faults, the police force of New York has always known how to deal with rioters. It must live up to its old renown in this emergency or the city will come to shame.

First Order—then Arbitration. This is the way to settle the strike. It is not only absurdly wrong, it is criminally weak to permit a difference over hours and wages to interrupt the travel of 1,500,000 people until one side or the other to the dispute shall be tired out or crushed.

We have a State Board of Arbitration and Mediation for precisely such emergencies. We have a Civic Federation for the same high purpose of peace. We have a State Railroad Commission, with authority to act. Mayor McClellan has offered his services as mediator. Some one of these should be called upon to arbitrate the differences.

But first of all—Order!

MAKING THE STREETS SAFE.

Police Commissioner McAdoo has extended to the Plaza, at Fifty-ninth street, the same traffic rules which give safety and comfort to pedestrians at the Circle, on the other end of the Central Park front.

This is a good police step. Regulations which promote traffic orderliness and public safety at one and the same time are necessarily good.

The rights of all vehicles and pedestrians in the streets should be subject to the golden rule of "the greatest good of the greatest number." And it is gratifying to observe the generally cheerful acquiescence of all in regulations which facilitate traffic and promote safety.

PERSONAL LIBERTY FOREVER.

"You can't make a German believe drinking beer on Sunday is a crime," says the District Attorney to a Yorkville audience.

Mr. Raines himself does not believe it. But his law is political capital for the party which stands behind him in Canandaigua and the other rural districts, and it is money in the pockets of shrewd country voters who are relieved of direct taxes by the division of New York City's excise fees.

Albany says it will wipe out the "Raines law hellholes." It cannot undo the fendish ruin already wrought by these joint products of hypocrisy and greed.

And when the "fake" hotels are gone—if they go—it will be found just as impossible as before to make over cosmopolitan habits of living according to narrow, provincial ideas. A great many persons besides the liberty-loving Germans have decided notions as to their personal rights and privileges.

THE AGE OF MONEY?

Former Assistant Attorney-General James M. Beck is a foolish person, unless he has been misrepresented as having said to the Chicago Bankers' Club:

To me the most impressive place in the world is Wall street. Talk about the Grand Canyon of the Colorado! For my part I feel a greater sense of respect and reverence for that great storage battery of human energy than for the great wonders of nature. Call it avarice if you will. But I say to you the one joy of man in this day and age is to toil for money.

To this Chicago bankers murmured dissent. It is creditable to them. There are men among them who know that nearly all the truly great men of all time have not toiled for money.

Is this age different from every preceding one in this respect? Not different by a hairsbreadth! The inventor of the Roentgen ray will outlive in fame, as he surpasses in usefulness, a whole bench show of mere millionaires. Kipling, Sargent the painter, Tolstol, and not money-makers are types of the successful men of the age, outside of high statecraft.

Mr. Beck, who left the honorable employ of the people to become a trust apologist, may speak for himself. There are those who know better.

With ample opportunity to approve itself to the public, the present Street-Cleaning Department in dealing with snow removal has proved only how much further in deeds than in years it is from Waring.

"Back to the ferries!" is Mr. Grout's cry for bridge terminal relief. But even free, city-owned boats will not bring forgetfulness of the businesslike bridge administrations we used to have.

The "little Japs" promise to be great peacemakers.

The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers

Punishment for Men of Forty.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Mr. Dr. Oiler is correct about men of forty. Why not compel single men of forty to marry? They would then suffer slowly and do some good in the mean time.

W. R.

Paying Too Much for Telephone.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why is it that there are some public telephones in New York where the number of calls is not regulated by the central office? I have been forced to pay a call in excess of my regular toll many times, just as it suited the mercenary disposition of the shopkeeper in whose place the phone was located to take me. I think it is a shameful bit of mismanagement.

GEORGE M. ALDER.

The Rotten Streets.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

There are places in New York that would be a disgrace to the most primitive rural districts. At One Hundred and Tenth street and Lenox avenue the Subway approach is so bad that one takes his life in his hands every time he attempts to slide across the ice or wade through the mud and slush. Something ought to be done about it.

HARLEMITE.

Ill-Mannered People.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there any way for self-respecting women to protect themselves against the vulgar rudeness of ill-mannered people?

ple? Can a lady or gentleman remonstrate with a person who persists in reading the paper over their shoulder in a car. I have been constantly annoyed by this, and I have suffered in silence, because I do not like to make a scene.

L. M. MASON.

A Poster for Philosophers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly tell me whether a horse hitched up to a wagon in the regular way pulls the wagon or whether the horse pushes the wagon?

H. E. L.

Wouldn't Tip—Had to Starve.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I stopped at a first-class hotel last week where the restaurant prices were exorbitant. I paid them because the food was good, but I drew the line on tipping the waiter. The next day I could get no service at all. That evening I went to another table, but evidently the waiters had a code of signals, and I was forced to leave the hotel because I could not be served properly.

ANTI-TIPPER.

The Whimsical Motorman.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The law is for surface cars to take on passengers at the right-hand corner, yet on Third avenue there are many streets where this rule is for no apparent reason violated. Other lines do the same thing. Is this to be regulated by the will of the motorman and are we passengers of the surface roads to be made to suffer by their whims? JACOB M. COLLINS.

Said on the Side.

INTERESTING case of the Murphy-ization of money is reported from Easton, Md. Major W. E. Stewart, of that town, having neglected to withdraw a savings bank balance of \$5 cents thirty years ago, has now had it returned to him increased to \$27.90 by interest accumulations. Couldn't have done much better if he had invested it in dock leases or trucking contracts.

Iowa city man has a disease with which only twenty-five other persons have been afflicted. Probably feels almost as proud as the original appendicitis patient.

Sherlock Holmes on the Broadway stage again. Might give a special Mulberry street matinee with advantage.

Fashion authority notes that "smart and green is passe." Wait a week and see.

De Voe—After your son leaves college I suppose you will take him into business with you?

Dyer—No. I don't carry a line of sporting goods.—Puck.

Head of Boston College of Oratory predicts that as a result of the general use of the telephone women's voices will grow softer. New perils for the bachelor if they extend to the seductiveness of "Central's."

Any twinges of conscience as you passed into the Subway yesterday without depositing a ticket?

Chicago reformer thinks it would "do much to check crime and improve the general health" if there were a law to make people exercise their lungs by singing and whistling. Still a few days of the legislative session left to attend to this.

Still, residence in Brooklyn would mean the B. R. T. all the time.

The wire-screens vestibule is there for the protection of the "scab" Subway motorman, but the regular motorman on the surface car is still waiting for his.

When my pop talks of Standard Oil

It makes my heart beat faster,

For fear I'll get some, 'cause I know

The standard oil is oyster.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

American Rhodes scholar having taught Oxford students how to jump hurdles is now instructing them in the winning of three-mile races. Oxford course may help to add the finishing touches, but the quality of American instruction in the essential athletic branches seems well proven.

New York woman lecturer has been telling the Women's Institute in London that when feminine ideals are realized "the skilled and professional preparation of food in factories will take the place of private cooks and kitchens. The food will be served well cooked, fresh and hot, at a much smaller cost than at present, and private houses will be cleaned scientifically. Then, for the first time, we shall have private homes." With a resultant gain of leisure time which can be put to good use at matinees and club meetings.

"Green papers declared bogus!" Usually are, though visitors from the rural districts still have faith in them.

Disgruntled west-side cabbie on the police to include the Riverside Drive baby carriages in their regulation of wheeled traffic. East side, west side, the lot of the baby grows more troubled in Manhattan. Wise infants will see to it that they are born in Brooklyn only.

"Woman," remarked the old bachelor, "is the weaker vessel."

"But, strange to say," rejoined the spinster, "man requires the most bailing out."—Chicago News.

Chicago social club has "held a mock divorce trial." Novelty of the performance consisted in its being make-believe instead of real.

Dr. Oiler is still taking notice he may observe Judge Reagan's years of usefulness did not begin till he was past forty. When he took his seat in the Senate after his "reconstruction" was sixty-eight. The student of rules of longevity will note that Reagan's rugged old age which lasted to eighty-six was the fruit of a strenuous youth of ploughing, chopping wood, running a flat-boat and roughing it generally, without regard to health rules or dietetic prescriptions.

The March weather arrived behind schedule on the seventh. But it was bound to come.

Musicians engaged to play on the pier at Atlantic City are now required to sign a contract "not to pay attention to any woman while on or off duty." Fascinations of the summer girl are well known and the artistic temperament is irascible.

The gambler is not complaining. All's fare in strikes and tie-ups to him.

"Now, Willie, what supports the sun in the heavens?"

"Why, its beams, of course."—Chicago Journal.

Dr. Buckley's denunciation of Hall Caine's "The Christian" as immoral and of "Quo Vadis" as worth Anthony Comstock's attention, will rejoice the publishers. Better to let the dead past settle its own moral questions.

Fear of the noble Count de Passajac in downing a Ju-Jitsu expert ought to strengthen the Franco-Russian entente cordiale.

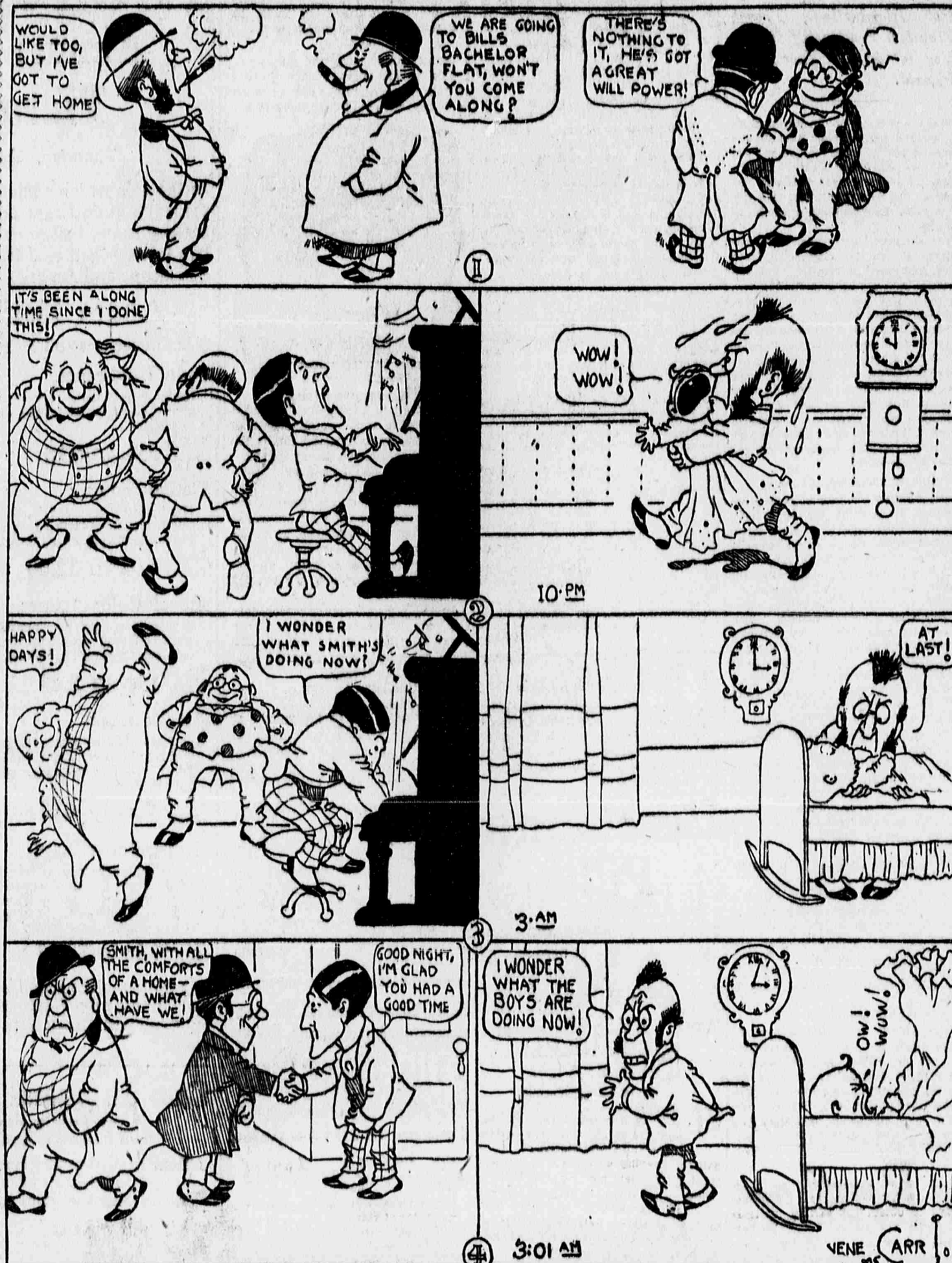
Among the lascar crew of a steamer which arrived in the Clyde the other day was a young man who was identified as the son of a Portuguese prince. Having a longing to see Great Britain he ran away from school and shipped as a lascar. On instructions received from his father the adventurous youth, dressed in clothes of the latest fashion, boarded as a first-class passenger on board the vessel upon which he had shipped as a lascar.

A New Comic Series

By Gene Carr.

All the Comforts of Home.

"The Boys" May Enjoy Doings in a Bachelor Flat, but Not Mr. Smith.



The Girl of Poses.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



Nixola Greeley-Smith

THE vanity of womanhood is proverbial. And yet how very few women are vain enough to be themselves! Few, indeed, are those who have confidence enough in their beauty to be seen save by their intimates without the paint and paraphernalia of social conquest. But small wonder that the number who believe that their minds and characters can afford to appear in anything but full dress. How many women do we know devoid of a tad, a pose, an affectation of some kind, which they consider as essential to their appearance in public as their false pompadours or their mining French heels?

Women seem to have an incorrigible passion for artificiality, and not many of them realize that from the masculine point of view naturalness is the essence of charm.

If you are going to read a paper before your club or meet an unknown girl whom it is desirable to impress it is perhaps as essential to wear

as many frills on your character as on your gown. But if you seek to please a man be natural. Don't strive for effect. Don't try to be clever. If you are clever you can't help showing it in even a discussion of the weather, and if you are not you can't fool anybody any wiser than yourself.

Now, men have no constitutional aversion to cleverness in women, though the stupid superstition has been laying that flattering union to their souls from the beginning of time. But they want the cleverness as they want everything else in women, to be real and to take itself for granted. They prefer a naturally dull woman to an unnaturally brilliant one. So if you are dull be like. It will help you far more than trying to be clever.

Of course you don't believe this. If you have any little pose, any artificial trick of speech or manner, you will go on cultivating them more assiduously than ever. They make a bit with all the young men, you know. As a matter of fact, a man may be amused by your affectations so long as he can get away from them. But if he marries you, he will have to live with them and they will bore him to death. There are some women who are so wrapped up in artificiality that they don't know what their real selves are. If you are one of these, shake off the cramping swaddling clothes of affectation and make your own acquaintance. You may then be surprised to discover what a charming young person you are.

A Case of Penance.

Judge—What's the trouble, officer?

Miss Antione—Your Honor, this man

kissed me.

Judge—Prisoner discharged. He is

punished enough.

Little Willie's

Guide to New York.

WEST 125TH STREET.

If a person from any part of the

youngest states was to be miraculously

picked up and set down in the

middle of west hundred and twenty fifth

street at nine and was then asked

Where are you now he would answer at

once On main street, and he would be

right, for main street in every town

looks just like main street in every

other town and all the main streets

that ever happened look just like west

hundred and twenty fifth street. At nine

west hundred and twenty fifth street is

a scene of wondrous beauty and brilliancy

and no harim youth is considered in

the swim unless he parades up and

down west hundred and twenty fifth

street at least once a week. That street

fills the calm place in the hearts of

harlots that fifth avenue and Broadway

and twenty third street and a tenth

street and sentral park combined fill

in the hearts of downtown no yearlings.

If it was west hundred and twenty

fifth street harim would be a

dreary desert of sadness and appan-

ments. There would be no place for

harlots to go to except home so let

us be glad for those salutes that west

hundred and twenty fifth street keeps

open till nearly eleven o'clock every

nite.

A. P. TERHUNE.

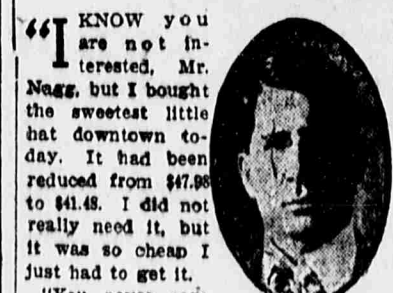
A Better Explanation.



Wife—How the people did rubber at my new dress to-day! I suppose they thought I'd been shopping in Paris. Husband—How they thought I'd been robbing a bank.

Mrs. Nagg and Mr.

...By Roy L. McCardell...



Roy L. McCardell

"I KNOW you are not interested, Mr. Nagg, but I bought the sweetest little hat downtown today. It had been reduced from \$17.50 to \$14.45. I did not really need it, but it was so cheap I just had to get it."

"You never care what a thing costs, Roy L. McCardell, but if you want it you buy it. But some one in this house is got to save money, and of course I am the one who makes the sacrifice!"

"I bought a new brown suit, too, because now is the time to buy; the stores are clearing out all the heavy dresses to make room for spring stock."

"Of course, I run the risk that it will be out of style next fall, because it will be too heavy to wear when the warmer weather comes, but it was best for me to get it because it was so cheap."

"If you took care of your clothes like I take care of mine you would not need to spend so much money on yourself. You will have to make that new spring suit you got two years ago do you. It is not my fault that it is all shiny and ravelling at the heels. I never saw such an untidy man, and yet you expect me to wear a dress time and time again. I intend to get something every week or so right along. Then I will have something to wear."

"I can have anything I want, you say? Yes, and then how you groan when the bills come in!"

"I have denied myself always. It was the children first, then the tradesmen, and then you needed something until, when everything was paid for, there was nothing left for me."

"I never talk money matters. I never ask you for anything. I put up with what you give me and scrimp and save and try to make one dollar do the work of two and never complain. And just the other day when I was telling my dear mamma how you treated me and never gave me half enough money to run the house and scowled when I spoke to you about the way you acted and how I never got out of the house or went anywhere and saw anything like other women do whose husbands don't make half as much as you, mamma said: 'Why don't you complain?' But I told her as I told you and as I told Mrs. Terwilliger and Mrs. Twaddle and Mrs. Gahaway and all my friends, 'I won't complain! Let him act as he wants to!'

"Not like Mr. Ladyfinger, who gets peevish and cries for hours when his wife's mother won't give him more spending money. That is all well enough for Mr. Ladyfinger, for he is not a mother and doesn't know what a mother's feelings are! Of course he is a Modern Mother, or rather, he is only an honorary Modern Mother, like Mr. Smig."

"Dr. Smek says I am all run down and shouldn't be worried like I am. Dr. Smek understands my constitution and he says it is wonderful how I keep up, but you do not care. Just because you see my appetite is unimpaired and because I sleep pretty well, you think I have robust health, but it is my nerves, Mr. Nagg. It is my nerves!"

"I drink too much tea, you say? That's right; take away my tea, the only comfort in life I have! Look me up on bread and water. Mr. Nagg, make me sleep in a dungeon cell!"

"Oh, that I should put up with what I do and never complain! I should have a hard heart. Mr. Nagg, and I will drink all the tea I want, and you shant stop me!"

The "Fudge" Idiotical

Make Work Easier!

(Copyright, 1905, Planet Pub. Co.)

We have been Thinking about WORK lately and have come to the conclusion that WORK IS TOO HARD.

Work must be made easier if WE are to do it.

It would better of course, if there was NO WORK at all. But while we are arranging to abolish it what remains should be made LESS tiresome.

The man who WORKS with his HANDS has an advantage over one who toils with his MIND. HE KNOWS what he is doing. We who work with our mind SELDOM know what we are Thinking about. We try to make up for it by Thinking a GREAT DEAL!

If you did MORE Thinking you would probably do LESS work. This would make it EASIER for you!

Any way, Think twice BEFORE you do anything. You will thus get away with a LITTLE MORE of the Boss's time!